To the WORSHIPFUL

# WILLIAM GIBSON, Esq; MAYOR,

# The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE WORTHY

## Inhabitants *of the Town of* NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

JOHN COX.

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The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1784, to the 21st Day of *December* 1785; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 12) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the New Chapel in *King*'s-*Head* Lane, 1; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 1; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 9; the Meeting on the *Green* 1.

DISEASES.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Abortive and Stilborn | 3 | Chincough | 4 | Fits | 21 | Lunacy | 0 | Small-Pox | 0 |
| Aged | 4 | Consumptions | 22 | Fracture | 0 | Mortification | 9 | Teeth | 3 |
| Asthma | 0 | Convulsions | 3 | Gravel | 0 | Measles | 2 | Thrush | 0 |
| Accident | 1 | Dropsy | 9 | Inflammation | 2 | Milk Fever | 0 | Ulcer | 0 |
| Apoplex | 0 | Drowned | 1 | Inward Bleeding | 0 | Palsey | 3 | White Swelling | 0 |
| Croup | 1 | Fevers | 7 | Jaundice | 0 | Suddenly | 4 | | |

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Under Two Years old | 33 | Ten and Twenty | 4 | Forty and Fifty | 9 | Seventy and Eighty | 6 |
| Between Two and Five | 7 | Twenty and Thirty | 7 | Fifty and Sixty | 13 | Eighty and Ninety | 0 |
| Five and Ten | 0 | Thirty and Forty | 9 | Sixty and Seventy | 8 | Ninety and an Hundred | 0 |

| | CHRISTENED. | | | BURIED. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Males | Females | *Total.* | Males | Females | *Total.* |
| ALL-SAINTS. | 54 | 54 | 108 | 53 | 43 | 96 |
| *St.* SEPULCHRE's. | 12 | 25 | 37 | 10 | 15 | 25 |
| *St.* GILES's. | 19 | 17 | 36 | 17 | 17 | 34 |
| *St.* PETER's. | 3 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 14 |
| At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish | | | | 3 | 3 | 6 |
| *In the whole Town.* | 88 | 99 | 187 | 88 | 87 | 175 |
| | Increased | | 47 | Decreased | | 140 |

— SÆVIUS ANNIS
INCUBUIT VITIUM. —

*Age slays its Thousands, but Vice its Ten Thousands.*

## PARISH-CLERK and PARISHIONER.

*P. Clerk.* BEHOLD this solemn Page! From it appear
The Ails, whereby our Friends have fall'n this Year.
What are their Numbers too, and what their Age,
Stand all recorded *truly* in this Page.

*Parishioner.* Right tho' your Numbers, your Arrangement's wrong:
To diff'rent Causes many Deaths belong
From those by you assign'd.——Here, Friend, d' you see?
"*Drown'd*" in this Year but *one* appears to be.
Yet all that Tribe, who stand in Numbers first,
Who e'er were quenching, but ne'er quenched Thirst;
Who seem'd to think, if ever they *did* think,
Their Bellies Casks wherein to barrel Drink,
And their Throats Pipes thro' which were doom'd to run
Floods upon Floods, to fill a craving Tun,
(A Tun with Hoops much fitter to be bound
Than with the usual Bandages around;)
Who doz'd away in Stupor all their Prime,
And quench'd Life's Lamp e'er burnt out Half its Time;
The Sots I mean.——They can no where be found,
If you arrange them right, but under—"*Drown'd.*"
Instead of *One*, then put down "*Drown'd*" *One Score*;
I'm sure they'll make that Complement, and more.

Again—To "*Teeth*" three Deaths you've only put—
Yet those who fell by pampering the Gut,
That sleek, round-belly'd, gormandizing Group,
Victims to Ven'son and to Turtle-Soup;
Tickling whose Palate was their only Aim,
Whose sole Ambition culinary Fame;
Whose Pores sent forth Effluvia rank and hot,
As Exhalations from a greasy Pot;
Who with Pigs only in Perfections vied,
And, under forty, choak'd with Blubber, died;
These, to a Man, must all be rang'd beneath
(What, beyond Doubt, they digg'd their Graves with)—
"*Teeth.*"

*P. Clerk.* Good's your Idea. Hence be it my Care,
Where you direct, to put each Victim there.
Class me then next that squallid, rotten Crew,
Who stunk out Life in some abandon'd Stew;
Who by loath'd Ails, foul Breath, and carious Bone,
From all Mankind decidedly were known.
The battening Swine than these how much more sweet?
A Jakes broke loose did they, who met them, meet,
Which Surgeon's Skill, nor e'en Perfumer's Care
Cou'd stop from pois'ning the surrounding Air.
Pray class me these.
*(Parishioner.)*——These Sons of Salivation
Can no where go but to——"*Mortification.*"

*P. Clerk.* Where shall be plac'd that yellow Squadron; they
Who peevish, envious, fretted Life away,
Who grinning Victims fell to peccant Gall?
*(Parishioner.)* Set them down under "*Jaundice*"—One and All.

As for that mincing, Petit-Maitre Mess,
Who fribbled all their Days away in Dress;
Who Learning sacred and profane held cheap,
But were in Dancing and Friseuring deep;
Who to do *nothing* took uncommon Pains,
Who deck'd the Head, but quite forgot the Brains;
Whose Life throughout was one continued Blank:—
Under "*Abortive*" these, these all must rank.

*P. Clerk.* Assign, Sir, next, for those the proper Place,
Who risk'd their All upon a Dye or Ace;
Who *Hoyle* preferr'd (that *Hoyle* so great in Whist)
To every Prophet and Evangelist;
Who, when they'd beggar'd Family and Wife,
By Rope or Pistol clos'd an heathen Life.

*Parishioner.* These, tho' we fear Self-Murd'rers they may be,
We'll range in Mercy under——"*Lunacy.*"

*P. Clerk.* Next come the Bucks and Bloods—that Bravo Clan—
In Swagg'ring more, in Manners less, than Man.
Knowledge they had—but then it reach'd no higher
Than telling a Racer's Dam, Grand-Dam, and Sire.
Unskill'd in Letters, yet to none they'd yield
In the *fine, learned*, Language of the Field.
Their sole Employ that Field all Day to beat,
Get drunk at Night, and then infest the Street
By breaking Lamps, or some such gallant Feat.
But now they're mute enough.
*(Parishioner.)* These, if you'd had
Such in your Bill, must have gone down—"*Stark Mad.*"

*P. Clerk.* But where to place those few but worthy Youth,
Who liv'd in Search, and Practice of the Truth;
Who shunn'd those Rocks on which such Shoals have split,
Shoals of Pretenders to good Sense and Wit;
Who Virtue's Paths undeviating have trod,
With Wills subservient to the Will of GOD;
Who have in thirty Years effected more
Essential Good than Thousands in fourscore?

*Parishioner.* These set down "*Aged*" in thy annual Page;
For tho' they quitted in their Prime this Stage,
Thro' Life they useful liv'd, so liv'd to fullest Age.
This Plan pursue; and soon, I trow, you'll see
Of many a Victim robb'd each Malady:
And, Vice laugh'd down, NORTHAMPTON's Sons shall prove
*Longer* Lives *here*, and *endless* Lives *above*.

DECEMBER, 1785. A. B. C.

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